

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

I had been married for about 3 years. My wife, Marie, and I were not that clued up about sex. She was very conservative, always dressing well, and the sex was pretty basic. I didn't have much experience either, but I thought it was fine and she seemed happy. Some very pedestrian foreplay and missionary position intercourse. Not earth-shattering, but I was happy and thought she was too.

One day I was at work, and Marie had the day off. She said she has housework to do. About 2 pm, the power went off in my office, and at 3 pm, the boss said we could all go home as it appeared that it wasn't coming on soon. I drove home and parked the car. I let myself into the house, and I could hear moaning. I was mystified and thought my wife had hurt herself or something. I walked up the hall to a third bedroom we had converted into a home office. I looked in and stood there, absolutely shocked. My wife was naked and sitting at the desk masturbating with a dildo while watching a porn movie. I looked closer and saw it was a video of a woman with a large dog.

Marie heard me and spun around. She just stared at me in horror. "What are you doing?" I shouted, not in anger but complete shock.

She tried to speak but couldn't and then burst into tears. I rushed over and hugged her. It took several minutes before she said anything. "Oh Trent, I am so ashamed," she said, "I am sorry."

Now a couple of questions came immediately to mind. First was the fact that she had a dildo that I didn't know about. The second was the fact she was looking at bestiality porn. I asked her about the dildo, but it all linked with the porn. She was feeling horny and found a site on the internet and ordered it on-line. She had started watching porn to get ideas about sex, and the toy was part of it. She has been watching porn for nearly 6 months and happened upon the animal site. She had become addicted to watching it.

Now I stood embracing her, and despite my shock, I had a hard-on. "Why didn't you tell me you were unhappy with sex," I said.

She told me she was unhappy, just that she wished we were a bit more adventurous. When I asked what she meant, she said we should go to the bedroom. "Will you let me decide what to do?" she asked. She said this while she was removing her clothes. How could I say no? Our previous foreplay consisted of my fingering her and her stroking my cock. She was naked and told me to get undressed. We got on the bed. "Lick my pussy Trent," she said, "like they do in those movies."

Now I had seen porn and thought it was all bullshit. Women acting like sluts and moaning fuck me fuck me. But I did as she asked. Guess what? She started moaning. "Yes, honey, just like that. Now my clit. Lick my clit".

Now I am not sure if it was me or what she had done with the dildo, but she squealed, "I'm cumming," and shook all over.

It was wild.

I slid up the bed, and we kissed. "I can taste my pussy," she said and chuckled. "Now, would you like me to suck you?"

She had never done that, ever. "Are you sure?" I asked her.

"Yes, darling, but don't come. Agreed?"

I nodded, and she licked and sucked my cock. "You better stop, honey," I said reluctantly.

"Make love to me, no, fuck me," she said. I expected her to lay on her back, but she got on hands and knees. "Like this, Trent. Fuck me like this."

As I mounted her, I realized that I was fucking her like one of those dogs in the video. I decided to really pound her, and the harder I did, the more she moaned and yelled. She loved it. I had cum, but my cock stayed hard, and I lasted more than 10 minutes. We collapsed on the bed. "Oh sweetheart, that was so good," she murmured.

"Just like a dog?" I asked.

"Don't be disgusting," she said and gave me a huge grin.

Yes, she was thinking about it too.

I asked her to show me the sites she had been looking at. She knew them off by heart. She seemed to get excited at the rough sex sites, which shocked me. But when she went on a bestiality site, she began to breathe deeper, and it was obviously turning her on. I asked what the attraction was, and she said the fact that the dog was in control and the woman was at his mercy. I looked at these sites, and it appears, in many of them, the dog didn't really know what was required, and some actually faked the moans and groans. But a number of them were full-on. After about half an hour, she was so into it, and she wanted to go back to bed. I didn't have to ask. She immediately got on her hands and knees and yelled at me to fuck her. There was no doubt what she thought as I did just that.

It seemed that we had flicked a switch. No more fingering followed by basic missionary sex. Licking, sucking, and playing with the dildo and then wild sex. No always doggy style but cowgirl and reverse cowgirl. Our sex life had gone to a whole other level. But I knew that she would be watching videos on her days off while I was at work. I had a hard-on just thinking about what she might be looking at. But I knew after threesomes and gang-bangs she would tune into the bestiality sites. I was ok with it as it had translated into better sex life, but I wondered if she was so into it, she might want the real thing. I decided it wouldn't hurt to at least find out.

A guy at work mentioned that he had found a doorway into what he called the dark web. I suspected he just found sites that were not your normal Facebook and Twitter. Anyway, while Marie was cooking dinner, I clicked on it. Wow, it blew me away. There was a huge classified section that allowed people to post requests for sex or to offer sex. There were sections for couples to meet men or women, couples to meet couples, and even requests for bisexual encounters. One section was a shemale site. But what caught my eye was one offering bestiality services. I looked at these. Some were from animal farms offering services and one particular one offering an at-home service. This guy would bring a trained dog to your house. I stared at it and wondered if it was real.

Marie came in to tell me dinner was ready. "What are you looking at?" she asked.

I didn't lie. "This guy at work told me about this site," I said and showed her.

She gasped. "Oh my God, it's a sex site," she said and looked closer.

I brought up the bestiality site. She went quiet and just stared at the screen. "This guy reckons he has a dog he can bring to a home and is trained to mate with women. How unreal is that?"

She gripped my shoulder and quickly said, "Dinner's ready, honey."

I turned, and her eyes were wide, and there was excitement there. As soon as dinner was over, she suggested sex. It was obvious she was turned on. And yes, she wanted it doggy style. Nothing was said about what I had found, but I knew she was thinking. I wondered if she would go the whole way, so I telephoned the dog owner and spoke to him. He seemed ok and answered all my questions. I told him I would let him know. He said I would have to book as he had had quite a few inquiries. It was obvious that his 'services' were well patronized.

I took a deep breath and told my wife about my phone call. "You didn't," she said, but not in an angry way.

I just told her, "If you wanna go through with it, just say so, and I will make a booking."

She sat looking at me. I knew that look. Minutes later, we were on the bed, and in the throes of sexual passion, she admitted she wanted me to call.

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## **Chapter Two**

Marie had told me she wanted me to ring the dog man. I must admit I hesitated. All-day, I stared at the phone, almost picking it up and then changing my mind. That night I again asked if she wanted me to ring. No longer shy, she said a resounding yes. I kissed her, took a deep breath, and dialed the number. A woman answered, which threw me a bit. "Vern isn't here right now. Can I help? I'm his wife Angela," she said.

I almost hung up. Then she said, "Are you answering our ad?"

Their ad? So she was aware of the ad. I cleared my throat. "Yes," I said. "Vern said I should make an appointment."

"Vern is out on a job at the moment, but I have the appointment book in front of me. We just had a cancellation on Saturday night. How does that suit?"

I said Saturday night, perhaps 8 pm. She said that would be perfect. I gave her our details as Marie squeezed my arm.

I hung up and turned to see Marie wide-eyed. "Well, sweetheart," I said. "The booking is Saturday night. I hope you are sure about this."

She kissed me, and her tongue went halfway down my throat. "I'm sure, honey," she said. She laughed when I told her my cock was hard. "We have to have dinner first," she said, laughing, "but I promise to say thank you later."

We hurried through the meal and the washing up. Grabbing my hand, she led me back into the bedroom. Clothes were shed, and she told me to lie on the bed. She began to suck my cock. It felt so nice. "OK, honey, I think you should stop now," I said.

She looked up and gave me the sexiest grin. "I said I was going to thank you," and she resumed sucking me.

"I'm so close, baby. Time to stop..." but she squeezed my balls and sucked harder.

I couldn't hold out any longer and shot her mouth full of cum. She swallowed several times and

coughed. She looked up and grinned again. "Thank you, darling," she purred.

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The rest of the week was crazy. She was so turned on. From just looking at bestiality sites to doing it for real had her in a constant state of excitement. The sex just got better as Saturday drew closed. I had half expected her to tell me to cancel, but she didn't seem fazed by what might happen. I thought about her with a dog and a stranger watching. I was both fearful and aroused. Friday, I again asked if she was sure. She looked a bit annoyed. "You keep asking. Yes, I am sure, Trent. It will be fun, I think. As long as his dog is better trained than some in that video."

I knew what she meant. If I were going to pay, she would have to get my money's worth. The subject was dropped.

Saturday morning, we did the weekly shopping, but Marie wasn't really concentrating. I didn't ask again if she had changed her mind. If she did, she would tell me. I admit that I was having second thoughts, though. Could I handle having a stranger watch my wife with a dog? How had it come to this? I had approached the task of finding Vern as a research project, but now it was genuine. But Marie showed no signs of backing out. In fact, after lunch, she was so turned on; she practically raped me in the lounge room. We had an early dinner, and she went to get ready. She came out in a top, skirt, and heels. She made sure I knew she wasn't wearing knickers. I might not have been ready, but she certainly was.

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Right at 8 pm, the doorbell rings. Although expecting it, we both jumped. I got up and opened the door. Expecting to see Vern, I was surprised to see Angela. "Hi, Trent. Vern got called away, so I am filling in. This is Goldie," she said.

Goldie turned out to be a Golden Labrador. "Come in," I said, and we walked into the lounge.

Marie was sitting on the couch and stood up and shook Angela's hand. She looked down at the Lab and smiled. I could see she was excited. "Vern tells me this is your first time," said Angela. "Maybe I should explain a few things."

Marie smiled. "I know a bit," she replied, "about the knot and stuff."

Angela nodded. "I see you have done your research, honey. Are you ready to start?" Marie sat back on the couch. Angela took the lead off Goldie. "Lift your skirt and pat your pussy. He knows the signals," said Angela.

Marie did as she was told. Marie had always trimmed her pubic hair, but I could see she had shaved totally while getting ready. It looked so sexy. She patted her pussy, and Goldie immediately advanced and began licking her. "That is the signal I want to be licked," Angela said.

I am not sure Marie was listening as she first yelped and then moaned. She leaned back and closed her eyes. "Oh, yes. So nice," she muttered.

I looked over at Angela, and she was smiling. She glanced my way and winked. By this time, my cock was twitching.

After several minutes Angela suggested I get a towel. When I came back, she told me to put it on the floor and for Marie to kneel on it and rest her body on the couch. "He's quite heavy honey, so that

will support you," she said.

Marie got in position. Goldie was panting, and his tongue was out.

"Now pat yourself on the bum," said Angela. "That is his signal to mount you."

Marie hesitated and then did as she was told. Goldie immediately reacted and climbed on Marie's back. He began thrusting, and after a couple of misses, Marie squealed. Once Goldie found the target, he went to work. Marie told me later that with each thrust, his cock grew larger. Her squeals soon changed to moans and groans. "Good boy," she moaned. "Oh, yes, so good."

She began to push back as he thrust forward. He was hammering her like crazy, and the moans and groans grew louder. Again Marie squealed, which signaled Goldie's efforts to bury his knot into her pussy. It took several attempts, and finally, he slowed and then stopped moving. Marie continued to moan as his knot had sealed her tight. Her eyes were shut, her mouth open, and she gripped the seat of the couch.

"Oh yes, I feel you are cumming," she muttered as Goldie flinched.

Marie swears she felt him cum three times. Shortly after, she yelled as Goldie attempted to withdraw. Obviously, his knot had not shrunk. Several more attempts were tried before he finally was able to pull away. As his cock slid out of Marie's pussy a stream of cum began seeping out and onto the towel. Goldie licked Marie's pussy a couple of times and then the puddle on the towel. He then laid down and began to lick himself. I was shocked when I saw the size of his cock. Bugger me, and it was as big as mine.

Marie gave a deep, satisfied sigh and looked over at me. She mouthed the words 'thank you' and closed her eyes again. Angela patted Goldie. "Good boy. Did you like your new bitch," she said.

Goldie was panting madly.

"Was it all you thought it would be, honey?" Angela asks.

Marie, still in a state of euphoria, nodded madly.

"If we wait a few minutes, he will do it again," said Angela. "He has great recovery. Would you like that, honey?"

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Chapter Three

Marie remained kneeling on the floor with her body rest on the couch. It was obvious that she wanted more. Angela pressed her for an answer. "Goldie will mount you again, honey. But I need to know if you want it."

Marie turned her head around and looked at Angela. "Yes, I want it, Angela. As soon as he is ready, I want him to fuck me again."

Angela smiled, and I looked shocked. Marie had obviously enjoyed it so much she wanted it again. It was long before Goldie started looking at Marie, bent, ready for him. No encouragement was needed as Marie patted her behind, and Goldie leaped into action. I wish I could be ready so soon. His cock was already half extended as he mounted her. A squeal and then primeval grunts as once again

Goldie pounded her pussy.

“Oh God, so big,” screamed Marie, and I could see she had reached down and was rubbing her clit as Goldie humped her mercilessly. “Yes, Goldie, darling, fuck your bitch,” yelled Marie as once again, his knot grew and finally was embedded deep in her sex.

It was again several minutes of moans and groans as he attempted to withdraw. Finally, he was successful, and again a flood of doggy cum spilled on the floor. This time Goldie slumped on the floor, exhausted. Marie was the same, puffing and panting. Angela attached Goldie’s lead again. “Take care of her, Trent,” she said, “it always takes me a while to regain my breath.”

I looked at her and realized she was training the dogs herself. “How many do you have?” I asked as we walked to the front door.

“Two labs, a Doberman and a Great Dane,” she replied. “Just let us know when you want to see us again.”

I think, after Marie’s response, it was obvious we would see them again.

I walked back into the lounge and helped Marie to her feet. She gave me a weak smile, but I could see her nipples were erect, and her crotch was swollen. “Oh, God, Trent. That was better than I could imagine. I love every minute of it.”

Doggy cum was still leaking from her pussy and running down her thighs. “I think you need a shower, sweetheart,” I said. “We can talk later.”

She waddled off, holding the cum soaked towel between her legs. She was gone for about 15 minutes before she came back wearing a bathrobe. I was sitting in a lounge chair, and she knelt in front of me.

“Please don’t be upset with me, darling,” she said softly. “I just felt I wanted to try it. Let me do something for you. Let me suck your cock to show nothing has changed.”

But, of course, things had changed. I had seen my wife engage in animal sex. But I had helped set it up, so I couldn’t really admonish her. Instead, I unzipped my pants. She smiled and immediately sucked me off. “I’m too sore for sex right now,” she explained. “So let me suck you dry,” and she did.

Sunday morning, and it was time to reflect on the previous night’s adventure. Marie was still buzzing about her coupling with Goldie. I admitted that I was turned on watching her being ravaged by a dog. She assured me that she had enjoyed it even though the actual humping had been quite short. Once the dog had tied with her, he didn’t move. She said that is what she liked about me. I would pound away for 15 or 20 minutes. Still, she would certainly do it again. She did mention an interest in the Doberman and/or the Great Dane. She imagined they would be more powerful and bigger. She didn’t need to explain that last part. I knew full well what she meant.

Things basically got back to normal into the week, but her interest in doing it with a dog again remained in the air. Finally, on Thursday, she got me to ring Vern again and inquire about Saturday night and what dog was available. When he said the Doberman was available, her eyes sparkled. She talked about being a slave to his desires. Then it hit me. She wanted to be dominated. The sex was

secondary. The real turn on for her was being used by an animal who just wanted to mate with a bitch. If that bitch was human, well, that didn't matter. The dog got his rocks off, no matter who.

That night we went to bed, and this time I deliberately took charge. First, I ordered her to masturbate with the dildo she bought. Then I ordered her to suck my cock. Finally, I took her into the lounge, made her kneel as she had with Goldie, and I mounted and fucked her as vigorously as I could. She was squealing and shouting obscenities as I did my best to duplicate what the dog had done - without the knot, of course. Afterward, she cuddled up to me and told me she wanted it like that more often. I decided I had better get fitter as I was puffing and panting.

I made an appointment with Vern for the following Saturday night, and he would bring the Doberman. "Angela told me your wife was a natural," he said. "She told me that she had taken to it like a duck to water. Of course, Berny (the Doberman) is larger in every way."

I assured him it was Marie's choice to have the Doberman. The deal was done.

When I told Marie it had been arranged. She hugged me. "Thank you, darling," she said excitedly.

"Vern did say he was big in every way," I told her, and the smile on her face stretched from ear to ear.

I just hoped she could handle him. Then again, that was the point. She couldn't handle him. He would handle her, and she would love it.

Again, the Saturday shopping trip was of little interest to her as she pondered what lay ahead. I prepared lunch while she sat in the lounge, her mind racing. After lunch, she admitted she was tingling all over. "Please fuck me, Trent," she moaned.

How could I refuse such a request? She seemed more turned on than usual and begged me to ravage her. I was more than happy to do as she asked. First, I abused her clit until she came twice and then mounted her missionary position, and while I pounded her, I called a doggy slut and a dog bitch. She lapped it up. To finish, I pulled out and shot cum over her face. She was glowing.

Again, we had dinner early, and Marie went off to get ready. She came back into the lounge wearing a T-shirt and no bra and the short skirt from last week. Heels too. She loves heels. Her hair was pulled back in a pony-tail, and she had made her face. It looked like she was ready to go out, but we both knew she was staying in. She had a hot date with a Doberman. She sat on the couch and smiled at me. I took all my powers of control not to pounce on her then and there. She looked so hot. Her nipples were rock hard as she waited for the doorbell to go. Even though we were expecting it, we still jumped. I went to the door, and there was Vern with this huge dog.

"Hi, Trent. This is Berny."

I looked at him, and my cock got even harder. "Oh mate, my wife is going to love this beast."

Vern laughed. "I'm sure he is going to love her too."

We walked into the lounge room, and Marie gasped. She stared at the dog and licked her lips. My sweet wife was lusting after her new doggy lover already. Vern looked at Marie and grinned. "My, my, you are lovely," Vern said. "I'm jealous of Berny. He gets all the breaks."

Marie chuckled and moved forward on the couch. Lifting her skirt, she patted her pussy. As expected, Berny recognized the signal and immediately padded up and buried his nose in her crotch. Marie squealed as the dog's broad, rough tongue worked hard. "Oh yes," she moaned as his tongue seemed to be sliding into her opening. "Good boy, Berny," she muttered. "You and I are gonna have some fun tonight..."

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## Chapter Four

Berny continued to lap away on Marie's pussy and clit. Her moaning and groaning grew louder. Sliding her hands up under her T-shirt, she fondled her breasts. Her eyes were closed, and her head thrown back. "Oh God, I want you so bad," she purred as she had her first dog-inspired orgasm.

She pushed him away and immediately fell to her knees. I had already supplied a towel. Marie didn't even have a chance to signal as Berny knew exactly what this bitch wanted. He quickly mounted her and began thrusting. He soon found the warm, inviting opening and pushed hard. With each thrust, he grew larger. Marie moaned at first, but as he grew, the moans turned to groans and then to squeals.

"Oh fuck, Trent. He is so big," she wailed and gripped the couch. Berny was unfazed by her squeals and shouts. In fact, it probably spurred him on. His back paws gripped the carpet as he pounded her at warp speed. "Yes. Good Boy. Fuck me harder," Marie cried, but Berny was doing what came naturally. What Angela had obviously taught him.

I glanced over at Vern, and he was staring at his dog, humping my wife. He wasn't even blinking. I had an erection, and I was sure he did too. How could you not as you listened to Marie responding to her doggy lover. Again she squealed and groaned, and I realized it was knotting time. "Oh, shit," was all Marie could manage as the huge knot opened her up as nothing had before.

Then Berny stopped moving. He was panting as he rested on Marie's back. He twitched, Marie moaned again. He was filling her up with his seed. She told me later he had cum maybe 4 times, and she thought she would explode. She was so full.

After several attempts to withdraw, each time causing Marie to squeal, he finally managed it. Her pussy expelled huge amounts of dog cum onto the towel and down her thighs. It was then that I saw his cock. It was red and both huge in length and girth. I wondered if I could even measure up. She looked over her shoulder at Berny and then me. Her eyes were wide open, and she smiled at me. Then she looked back at Berny, who was lying there licking his cock clean.

"Oh, Berny, you lovely dog," she muttered, "I want you again."

Vern was now staring at my wife still kneeling on the floor, her pussy still oozing dog cum. "Oh hell, that is so sexy," he said, "I never get tired of seeing a bitch get serviced by one of my dogs."

Several minutes later, Berny stood up, his cock still extended. Marie tapped her bum, and Berny again approached her. Vern sat wide-eyed as Berny again mounted her. "Your wife sure is a dog slut, isn't she," he remarked.

I nodded as she again accepted his thrusting penetration. "Yes, you good boy, retake me. Fuck me harder," and she squealed as he did just that.

Now she moaned and grunted as he did his best to mate again with this strange bitch. Again Vern

was staring. I began to wonder if he wanted a piece of her as well. There was no way I would countenance that. Again Berny was able to tie with Marie and fill her love canal with copious amounts of doggy cum. Finally withdrawing, both he and Marie were exhausted. I paid Vern for the service, and he and Berny left. "Oh darling, I'm so sore but so happy," Marie said, and she waddled off to the ensuite, towel saving the carpet.

I sat still, amazed at what I saw. My wife came out from the ensuite naked. "Take me as he did," she urged me.

"I hope I can measure up, and that will not be disappointed," he said, somewhat concerned.

"Don't be so silly," she said, admonishing me, "just don't cum too quickly, honey. I want to be thoroughly and completely fucked".

I did my best to duplicate the pounding the Doberman had given her. She moaned and pushed back as I pushed forward. "Oh darling, that is so nice," she moaned.

I realized she was rubbing her clit as I rogered her. She came with a squeal, and her excitement pushed me over the edge. My cock didn't go limp straight away, and I humped her for nearly five more minutes before I went flaccid. She turned around and kissed me passionately.

"My dog was the main meal, but you are such a lovely dessert," she whispered.

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Sunday was hot, and we decided to go for a walk. We got to the park, and she pointed to a couple of dogs running around. She got a lustful look in her eyes. "Look at that one," she said, smiling broadly. It was a rather large German Sheppard. The owner was a woman, perhaps around 30. "I wonder if she is a dog slut" she whispered, "that dog certainly looks cute."

"Calm down, darling," I said, "not every woman likes dogs, and not every dog likes to play with its mistress."

She chuckled. "They don't know what they are missing," she said, winking at me. She sat watching that dog and others running around, and I was aware that she was getting turned on imagining them with her. Suddenly she turned to me. "Take me home, Trent. I need sex," she whispered.

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Back home, we quickly undressed, and she begged me to lick her pussy and her clit. She didn't really need to beg as I was happy to do it. She wrapped her legs around my shoulders. "I'm not going to let you go until you make me cum three times," she shouted. It took some work, but mission accomplished. "Fuck me, hard honey. Take me, Trent. I want to be your slut" she wailed, and again I did my best to satisfy the need she had to be dominated.

We lay on the bed out of breath but both smiling. I looked at her. Her journey into the realms of bestiality had released the devil in her. I wondered how far I could go in her current mood. We went into the ensuite together and had a shower. I suggested we spend the rest of the day naked. She giggled and said it was a good idea. I could tell she was excited as her nipples were erect and her cheeks a little flushed. It wasn't long before my cock woke up. She started to tease me, so I ordered her to suck it and give me a blowjob. Then she shocked me totally.

"I wonder if dogs like their cocks sucked," she said. "That would be interesting."

I mentioned the fact that they self-lubricated with pre-cum, and she thought for a moment.

"I don't suppose it tastes much different to your cum," she said, "and I don't mind the taste of you."

I just shook my head. Bestiality videos had women sucking dog cock, but they were getting paid to do it. I doubted whether they enjoyed it.

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During the following week, I was aware that Marie was thinking about Vern and Angela's Great Dane. There were a couple of videos we had watched, and they were huge. "I wonder if their Great Dane is big," she said.

Obviously, she had thought about it. "I guess if you really want to try him, I can make a booking," I said.

"Oh yes, Trent, honey. Please call Vern," she gushed.

I asked her if she was sure, and she quickly dispelled any doubt. I rang Vern, and he said Saturday afternoon was the only spot he had available. I told Marie, and she said, "Yes, take it."

My dog slut wife had her next appointment.

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Chapter Five

Marie was super excited about her 'playdate' with Vern and Angela's Great Dane. I was less sure as they seemed such a large dog and, by comparison, large in one particular area. I guess I was feeling uneasy. I didn't compare to The Doberman in that area, so a Great Dane? Yes, I was jealous. It would be nice to be hung like a horse. Like a porn star. Thankfully Marie still seemed very interested in sex with me, so she had totally gone over to the dark side.

The weekly shopping was done on Friday night, seeing her appointment was Saturday afternoon. I had booked 2 pm, so time was tight. We had an early lunch on Saturday, and Marie disappeared into the bedroom to prepare for her date. I sat in the lounge, pondering what was about to happen. Marie came out in a bathrobe. "I want to be naked," she said.

I thought of how Vern had looked at her dressed so nude would drive him wild. "Are you sure, honey?" I asked. "What about the claws or whatever they are called?"

She just smiled. I think the idea of being marked excited her.

Again Vern was right in time. I opened the door and looked down at the dog. "My God," I said, "It looks like a horse."

Vern chuckled. "It isn't the first time I have heard that."

We went into the lounge, and Marie gasped. "Wow, what a big boy," she said, somewhat nervously, "I hope..." and she stopped. Her eyes were wide open and filled with lust. She had momentarily hesitated, but I could see she wanted him. "What's his name," she asked.

"Otto," Vern replied, "A good Danish name, I think."

She leaned over and patted him. "So, Otto, are you ready for some fun?"

Marie shed her robe, and I saw Vern smile. He must have read my mind. "We cut the dog's nails, honey," he said, "Many of our customers like to mate naked."

Even as he was saying it, I could see the lust in his eyes. I wondered how many of his customers he shared with his dogs. 'Not my wife mate,' I thought. Marie sat on the edge of the couch and patted her pussy. Immediately Otto's ears pricked up, and he advanced. His tongue was wide and rough, as all dog's tongues are, and Marie moaned.

"Good doggy," she said as she opened her legs wider. She closed her eyes and began to fondle her boobs as the wave of pleasure washed over her. "Yes, lick my cunt, you lovely boy," she moaned. "Make me nice and wet and ready for your cock".

The image of my wife totally into what was happening made my cock grow hard. Even though he did this sort of thing regularly, I am sure Vern was in a similar condition. Marie was now leaning back and groaning. Suddenly she opened her eyes and squealed. "My darling, you made me cum" she said, "Do it again." Otto had been fully trained to give pleasure, and his licking got her off again. "I want you, Otto, my darling," muttered Marie. "Take me, you beast," and she pushed him away and knelt on the towel I had provided.

Again his training was such that he didn't need signals to know what was next. Mounting Marie, he fought furiously to find his target. A scream of joy from Marie meant he had found it. Thrusting wildly, his cock obviously growing with each thrust, he buried his cock into a moaning, squealing bitch. "Yes, baby, do it to me," she cried and wailed as he pounded her furiously.

She gripped the couch and began to push back. Nothing else was important as the huge cock infiltrating her pussy. He began pushing harder, and I realized his knot was swelling, and he was trying to force into Marie. She groaned and then yelped as she was opened up like never before. She told me later it felt like a basketball was being pushed inside her. Several more thrusts and squeals from Marie and Otto stopped moving. Both the dog and Marie were puffing and panting from the effort. Now Otto was not moving, but Marie was rocking back and forth. Then Otto growled, and his body shook as he began to spray his seed into his eager bitch.

"Oh yes, baby, fills me up," she muttered.

Reaching down, she began to rub her clit. Between Marie moaning and Otto growling, it was quite a scene. Finally, having had his way with his unusual bitch he attempted to withdraw. This causes Marie to grunt and shakes her head. Several times this replied as each time he failed. I suspected that Marie had squeezed her thighs together to hold him longer. Finally, he managed to escape, and he laid on the floor, licking his cock. I stared at him. His cock was the biggest yet. I could not believe my wife had taken that monster so readily or enjoyed it so much. As Otto cleaned himself up, Marie looked around, and I saw the lust in her eyes. She looked at me and smiled. Turning quickly, she grabbed his still slightly enlarged knot.

"Oh my darling, you are so big," she whispered. As both I and Vern looked on with amazement, she began to lick Otto's cock. "Mmm, so nice," she said and laid on her side.

She licked up and down his member and around the tip. Then she opened wide and began to suck him. Otto gave a sort of growl. One suspected it was in pleasure. Holding his cock in one hand, her other hand began to rub her clit. While she masturbated, she began to deep throat the dog. I stared

non-plussed as I watched her lose herself in the moment of pure debauchery. I looked over at Vern, and he was licking his lips as he, too, was speechless.

"I want you again, darling," Marie muttered. "I want that big cock deep in my cunt. I want to be your dog slut whore".

She had completely forgotten about her audience. All she wanted was another round with her doggy lover. Otto was up to the task. After getting herself off, she again took up her position kneeling ready for him. He didn't hesitate. After a few licks of her still wet pussy and he mounted her. His aim was perfect this time, and she screamed as he began again to pound my wife's welcoming love canal.

"Yes, baby. Like that' Oh fuck yes, like that," she squealed as he mated with his bitch.

His hips were a blur as he did what dogs do. Marie moaned and groaned as his knot swelled, and after several hard thrusts, he was tied. Again not moving, he growled and came several times. "Oh God, I am so full," she wailed. "You are a lovely boy, and I am your bitch."

He seemed to escape easier this time as I sure her pussy was well stretched and well lubricated. Cum gushed from her as he pulled away. This time he headed into a corner of the room. Vern had not said a word up until now.

"Shit, that was so unreal," he said, "Your wife is a total dog slut and no mistake. Poor Otto may have met his match."

I laughed as I looked that the huge dog lying there puffing and panting. There was little doubt he had given his all. It took several minutes for Marie to regain her composure. Gripping the soaked towel between her legs, she headed for the bathroom. I grabbed two beers out of the fridge and handed one to Vern. "I am not sure I can top that," I said, only half-joking.

"Yes, Trent," he said, "She is something else."

Vern was about to leave when Marie came back into the lounge. She was still naked. Vern stared and again licked his lips. She didn't seem at all fazed and was looking at Otto. "He is such a lovely dog," she said. Her fondness for him was evident. She looked at Vern. "I hope I can enjoy him again," she said and hugged me. "Thank you, darling," she said, "You are so understanding."

Vern said, "I better be going. Come to Otto, let's get out of here before she wants you again."

Leading him out the front door, they headed home.

"I couldn't have retaken him, Trent," said Marie, "My pussy is so sore."

"Are you ok?" I said, showing concern.

She laughed. "Well, my pussy has been stretched, I have been filled with dog juice, and I have sucked a dog's cock. Yes, I am fine." She hugged me and felt my crotch. "My poor sweetheart," she whispered, "An erect cock and watching your wife with a dog. How can I help?"

I grinned. "Well, my cock is not as big as Otto's, but I am sure you can deep throat me like him."

She pulled down my pants. "No, not as big as Otto, but I love your cock. Not only am I a dog slut, but I am also a Trent slut, and she sucked my balls dry.

As we laid in bed that night, she told me that she wanted to take it easy. "Perhaps we can go and visit Vern and Angela's kennels one day," she mused, "Not right away, but someday."

I agreed with her. "Yes, that would be OK."

But she didn't hear. She was already asleep.

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## Chapter Six

Marie had expressed a desire to actually go to Vern and Angela's breeding farm to see the dogs. I was less than happy about it. I had seen the way Vern looked at my wife, and I was sure he wanted to have a piece of her. Of course, Marie didn't realize this as she was only interested in one thing. The dog mating with her. I told Marie that she should take a break and reassess what she wanted to do. I had hoped that once she thought about what she was doing, she might decide enough was enough.

At first, she did say that I was right. That she should stop, at least for a while, and let things return to normal. For a couple of weeks, I was happy, but one night she practically ordered me to fuck her doggy style. I knew what she was thinking. Afterward, I challenged her about it, and she admitted that while our sex was great, she still thought about the dogs, particularly Otto and his huge cock. In the end, I had to concede; her wife was really a dog slut. I could fight it or just go with it. I decided to go with it.

I rang and spoke to Angela. "Hi," I said, "My wife Marie would like to visit you. Is that possible?"

"Of course, Trent," she replied, "We could make it Sunday as we have something special that day. Say around 2 pm? Would that suit?"

"That would be fine," I replied.

I wondered what she meant about special, but I let it pass. I guess we would soon find out. When I told Marie I was going, she hugged me. "Oh, darling," she purred, "You are the best husband."

I was letting my wife live out her fantasy, so I guess I was. Either that or I was stupid. I tended to think the former was right.

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Sunday came, and Marie was so excited. I began to wonder why I had caved in so easily. But it was too late to back down. We had a quick lunch and timed it perfectly to arrive dead at 2 pm. Vern stood at the front door of the house to welcome us. I hoped this special didn't include him. No, I guess the safety had his wife there. Angela kissed Marie on the cheek, and we had coffee. Then Vern outlined what this special event was.

He said that at 3 pm on a Sunday, they ran a live watch program with one of their clients with a dog. I was stunned. "You mean they have sex with a dog live on the internet?" I asked.

"Exactly," replied Vern.

"Oh shit, Marie, you can't do that," I snapped.

Obviously, Vern knew my concern. "The woman wears a mask," he went on to explain, "So she isn't

identifiable. I hold the video camera, and I make sure she is disguised.”

I looked over at Marie, and she was smiling broadly. I couldn't believe she was considering it. “Show me the mask,” I said, and Angela produced two.

One was a full face mask of the dog with the eyes and mouth the only openings and a half mask of a cat. Marie laughed. “I like the dog one,” she said, “and it covers my whole face. What do you think, Trent?”

What could I say? “Yes, the dog one, honey,” I said.

While Vern fiddled with his camera, Angela got busy setting up their studio for the show. Marie whispered, “Are you ok with this?”

I smiled. “You know you are excited about it, honey, and if you are happy, then I am happy. Just make sure that mask doesn't come off.”

Vern came back to announce he was ready to go. Marie kissed me and headed off with Angela. “We have this large screen TV rigged up so you can watch Trent,” he said.

The idea of him alone with Marie didn't fill me with confidence, but at least I could watch what was going on. The screen came alive and showed an empty room. I guess Marie was going to make a grand entrance. Apparently, they were on a site for which was people paid to be part. A good money maker, I was sure. The door opened and in walked Marie leading the Great Dane. I had a feeling the dog was HER choice. She was naked except for a pair of high heel shoes and the mask. It was impossible to see who she was. A big relief, I can tell you. She took the lead off Otto and played around with him. She stood with her legs apart and patted her pussy. He immediately moved in and began to lick her. She didn't need to pretend as she moaned.

“Oh yes, baby, lick my pussy. Get me all ready for your big cock.”

I have to admit that watching her was exciting me as well. My cock sprung up to watch too.

There was a chair in the center of the room, and Marie sat down and spread her legs. Otto again moved in and began to lick her again. This time she was also rubbing herself and moaning loudly. “Yes, you, darling boy,” she moaned, “Make your bitch cum before you fuck me.”

Angela walked into the room. “She is a natural Trent,” she said, staring at the screen. “I think she loves it more than me.”

“You have done these sessions before?” I asked.

“Yes, honey. I am so jealous she is doing it today,” she replied.

Marie pushed Otto away and knelt on the floor. “I am yours, you handsome dog. Come on and take your bitch. I am so ready,” she said and then squealed as Otto did as he had been trained.

Mounting her, he eagerly thrust his growing cock at her and, in seconds, entered her pussy. Feeling the wetness of her and the pre-cum he was shooting, he buried his large cock deep into Marie. She screamed, “Good boy, oh fuck, yes, do it, do it.”

Otto probably had no idea what she was saying. He just did what came naturally and pounded away. More screams as he forced his huge knot inside his bitch. Then he stopped moving by. Marie

continued to moan and groan.

Then a louder moan. "Oh yes, darling dog. Fill my cunt with your doggy cum..."

The camera was shaking a little. I had no doubt Vern was affected, as was Angela and I. "She is a natural," Angela kept saying.

Vern zoomed-in showing Otto firmly tied to Maria. I imagined their clients going bonkers over what they were seeing and hearing. My wife, the movie star. It was several minutes, and several attempts before Otto was able to withdraw. Vern captured the moment and the flow of dog cum from Marie's stretched pussy. Marie turned and grabbed Otto's cock, still fully extended. Quick as a flash, she began to lick and suck him.

"My God, I never do that," gasped Angela, and she looked at me.

"Don't look at me," I said, "She loves that too."

It was some five minutes before she let Otto go.

The camera went off, and Vern came out all excited. "Best session yet," he said, smiling, "She was great, Trent."

"Yes, I noticed the camera was shaking a bit," I said.

"I couldn't help it," he replied, "It was just so erotic."

Angela was nodding furiously. Ten minutes later, Marie came back fully dressed and smiling broadly. "That was fun," she said, her excitement obvious.

"Yes, honey," said Trent. "You can come back at any time."

Then Angela pipped up, "Our website is swamped by messages," she said, "They are all saying they loved it. Marie. If you like, we could make this a regular thing. We will pay you, of course. Maybe even make a movie. What do you think?"

Marie looked at me. "Let Trent and I talk it over first, and we will let you know."

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We didn't speak on the way home. I wasn't sure what to say, and Marie was still coming down from her high. When we got inside, she handed me an envelope. "Here, darling. Vern gave this to me, but you should have it," she said.

I opened it, and it was full of \$50 notes. Vern had apparently paid her for the little act she put on. "Vern said there's more where that came from if I want to do it again," Marie said and smiled.

I looked at the smile on her face and then the notes. "Why not have a shower, sweetheart, and we can discuss it," I said.

Of course, I didn't talk about dogs and money as I later had my way with her. But we'll talk soon. However, it will be hard to say no to the money or her pleasure.

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Chapter Seven

Marie calmed down after your internet debut. That time of the month arrived mid-week, which put a halt on things. On Friday, Angela rang all excited. “The video was a smash hit,” she said, “and we got a flood of extra clients on the back of all the chatter.”

Marie smiled and said she would be pleased to do it again. When asked when she looked at me and said, “This Sunday.”

She hung up and told me that Vern and Angela now had 2,000 followers who were paying \$100 a week. I was gobsmacked. I never realized that bestiality was so widespread. Apparently, the majority were women—another shock. I would have thought the audience was all men jerking off as they watched. I could see there was no way of talking Marie out of it. She was determined to do another show. So I just shrugged my shoulders and agreed to take her. By Sunday morning, her period had well and truly passed, and she was already getting amorous.

“I know you are reticent to agree, but if I fuck you right now, will you at least try to be happy about it?” she said.

Not wishing to upset her day, I took her into the bedroom and pounded her furiously. She smiled, I smiled, and it was all good.

As last week we arrived at Vern and Angela’s place around two. Coffee and a chat. Vern was eager to get set up, as was Angela. They all a buzz at last week’s success and the resultant increase in the numbers buying in. “We are talking big money,” Vern said, so we have to deliver a good show. Marie smiled.

I had no doubt she was just as eager as they were for a good show. I was feeling a bit like a third wheel in the discussions. I just nodded and smiled. My thoughts were not sought in any of it.

Approaching 3 pm, Vern got ready, and Angela took Marie away to prepare. I settled down in front of the widescreen TV to be an interested observer. Right at 3 pm, the door opened, and Marie led the Doberman, Berny, into the room. Again she was naked with just her shoes and the mask. She released Berny’s lead and stood patting her pussy. Immediately Berny advanced and began to lick her pussy. Marie moaned and closed her eyes. “Yes, good boy,” she said, her voice showing the emotion of the moment. She quickly sat down, and again, Berny feasted on her delicious pussy while she rubbed her clit. She groaned as she had an orgasm. “God, I need your doggy cock right now,” she said and quickly sunk to her hands and knees.

Berny pounced. He mounted her without delay and starting thrusting. Having found the target, he increased his thrusts’ speed, causing Marie to squeal as his cock grew inside her. “Yes, oh yes,” she wailed and began to push back against his thrusts forward. Marie suddenly screamed, “yes, baby, jam that big knot in her pussy. Seal me up and fill me with your cum.”

Berny had no idea what she meant but doing what came naturally, he growled and grunts and tied with his bitch. He stopped moving, but Marie was still rocking back and forth. I could see she was rubbing her clit as she managed to get herself off. Berny was getting impatient and trying to withdraw. Marie was groaning as she tried to stop him from getting away so quickly. But Berny prevailed and, after giving her pussy a couple of cursory licks, laid down on the floor. Quick as a flash, Marie spun around and grabbed his still extended cock. She began licking and sucking his cock as he watched, somewhat surprised. Then I noticed the door open, and the Great Dane came in.

Angela had obviously decided to up the ante. Otto, see Marie on her knees, padded up to her. Marie was so engrossed in her oral administrations that she hadn't notice Otto was in the room.

A loud squeal was heard as Otto saw his chance and mounted Marie from behind. A couple of thrusts and his huge cock found the opening, and he began pounding. Marie raised her head and then, giving another squeal, resumed her attention to Berny's still erect cock. I watched, totally engrossed as she enjoyed her doggy threesome. Otto soon had his large knot buried in Marie's pussy. Obviously, Berny had made it easier, having stretched her already with his knot. Marie again lifted her head.

"Good boy," she said, "Good doggy. How I love the feeling of your cock," and she resumed her pleasuring of Berny.

Finally, Berny, having deposited his juices deep in Marie, pulled back and stood there. It seemed he was waiting for his reward. Marie spun around and licked and sucked his cock while I watched with amazement.

Angela appeared and sat beside me. "Isn't she just amazing?" she said.

I nodded. It was several minutes before she released Otto. Vern just crouched, camera in hand, and with a smile a mile wide. Even as he zoomed in on Marie's tortured and dripping pussy the phone calls started. Angela answered a couple.

"We have a hit on our hands, Trent," she said excitedly. "Everyone is so over the moon about your wife. I hope she never decides to give up show business".

That made me laugh. I knew full well that she would never get tired of her adventures. As long as there were trained dogs, she would take them on.

We returned home, and Marie was in a state of euphoria. I had to admit that watching her had got my heart up (amongst other things), so I rushed into the shower, and we soaped each other up. "Please go slow, Trent darling," she said, "Those dogs finish too soon. I want to fuck for hours."

Well, I didn't manage hours, but I did take my time between licking her pussy and fucking her. I reckon it was a good 45 minutes before I unloaded. Marie hugged me and told me how she loved me.

"And the dogs?" I asked, tempting fate.

"Yes, I love them too but not as much."

Vern had given her another envelope and a piece of paper outlining what he expected in the future. More dogs, of course, and the possibility of Angela being also involved. I was happy that he was the cameraman as it would be impossible for him to join in. Sharing my wife with dogs? Yes fine. The possibility of some F/F action and dogs? Yes fine. Vern dipping his wick? No way, not ever. A man has to draw the line somewhere.

We both slept very well that night. It had been a day to remember. The idea of Angela being involved? Well, that was something to ponder.

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## Chapter Eight

Marie ensured that I didn't get upset, yes, and jealous of her escapades with her dog lovers. I was starting to accept her kinky behavior, which translated into great sex between us. Vern's latest idea of adding Angela to the mix had Marie a little nervous. Just what would her involvement be? Just with the dogs or maybe a bit more, shall we say, intimate? Marie had never shown any inclination towards bisexuality. Me? I was prepared to let nature take its course.

As the week progressed, Marie became more concerned. I assured her that Angela had never expressed any desire, to me at least, to be intimate with her. I suggested that Angela feel left out of the action with the dogs, and she probably wanted some action. This seemed to placate Marie somewhat, although I was sure she still felt uneasy. With Sunday approaching, Marie seemed to forget about her concerns and showed the usual excitement. This manifested itself in some torrid sexual encounters. I certainly wasn't complaining.

Marie was on edge as we drove out to Vern and Angela's place. I suggested to speak to Angela and tell her that she was only interested in the dogs. She said it might seem as though she was thinking about it. Again I told her to relax and only worry if something happened. We arrived at the usual joyous welcome. Vern said that there had been an extra 500 people sign up. They had lots of emails, very excited about seeing Marie with two dogs. It had been quite a show, I must admit. After the usual coffee cup, Vern headed off to organize his camera, Angela took Marie to get prepared, and I took my spot in front of the widescreen TV. All was ready for the 3 pm start.

Right at 3 pm, Marie entered the room. Naked and leading the Doberman, Berny, she took off the lead and began to tease him. I was not sure if that was to get him excited or her. Then the door opened again, and Angela entered the room. She, too, was naked and began to tease Berny too. I had thought Angela was sexy but seeing her naked had my cock twitching. Marie and Angela stood, and each patted their pussy. Poor Berny didn't know which way to turn. Obviously, both women wanted him. Angela suggested Marie sat on the chair while she enjoyed being licked. Then she pushed Berny over to Marie, who got her oral attentions.

"Get on your hands and knees," Angela suggested, and Marie assumed the position.

Berny started to wag his tail, and he advanced on Marie. Angela moved in and reached down and grabbed his growing cock. I thought it strange as Berny was quite capable of locating Marie's pussy. Then I heard Marie squeal. "What are you doing?" she cried out, "No, not there."

She tried to move, but Berny's determination and sheer weight had her trapped. I suddenly realized what was happening. Angela had deliberately aimed Berny's cock into Marie's bum hole. Marie squirmed and tried to escape, but it was futile. A scream signaled that the Doberman was now in unknown territory.

"Fuck, Angela," Marie shouted, "He is too big..." But barely a minute later, the screams changed to moans. My wife was anally penetrated, and she seemed to like it. "Berny, darling," Marie groaned. "You are such a lovely big boy."

I sat transfixed as I watched my wife getting her anal cherry popped. We had discussed it before, but she had rebuffed my desire, but now she seemed to be not only welcoming it but enjoying it. Vern's camera was picking up the action. It became apparent that Berny was unable to force his huge knot into Marie's anal opening. He was frustrated and kept humping away wildly. Angela squatted down and rubbed herself as she watched.

Finally, Berny gave up and pulled out. Marie squealed again. She was still moaning even though he

had withdrawn. Angela grabbed him and redirected his back to Maria, and this time he found what he expected. Maybe his frustration translated into extra action, but when he rammed his cock into Marie's pussy he growled as if to signify he was in charge. This time, as Marie moaned with pleasure, he drove his knot into her with vigor. His next growl signified that he was tied and welcomed it. As Berny stopped moving, Marie began to rock and forth.

"God, boy," she wailed. "My lovely darling boy."

It took all my willpower not to grab my cock and jerk off as I watched.

Berny, having filled his bitch with his seed, tried twice to withdraw before he was successful. Marie groaned as he lay on the floor, licking himself. Angela walked to the door and let Both Goldie and Otto into the room. Obviously, this was planned, and immediately Angela dropped to her knees and beckoned Goldie to her. The dog quickly mounted her and found his target. Otto looked around, saw Marie still on hands and knees with dog cum dripped from her, and mounted her. The two women were moaning and wailing as their doggy lover was servicing them each.

Berny looked around at the scene in front of him, padded up to Angela, and lick her face. They began to kiss, and their tongues lapped at each other. Vern was kept busy trying to get all the action. He swapped between the two women getting shots from every angle. Both women were now tied and moaning softly. Marie told me previously that she knew what came next and could feel a dog cum inside her. He was whine or give a low growl to herald the deposit of his seed. That was now happening. Goldie managed to withdraw first, and Angela immediately grabbed his still extended cock. She began to deep throat him, obviously spurred on by Marie's antics.

Otto took a little while longer to withdraw, and Vern got a close-up of his cum oozing from her stretched pussy. She, too, decided that her lover needed some oral reward. Angela saw Marie doing it. Abandoning Goldie, she moved over to Marie and Otto, and the two of them began to lick and suck his cock together. It was so erotic. They seemed to be engaged in a contest to see who could take him the deepest. Lots and gagging as they tried to outdo each other. As for Otto, well, he just lay there in doggy heaven as his two bitches took care of him.

Fade out, and the session was off-screen. I just sat there, stunned. Angela and Marie went off to take a shower. They were both on a high, and Marie told me later that Angela had propositioned her, but she said no. But as she told me, I could see the sparkle in her eyes. I had a feeling that no might someday change to a yes. Right now, I drove Marie home as she complained about having a sore bum. I was as randy as all get out, but I played it cool until as we sat watching TV after dinner.

Marie leaned over, rubbed my crotch, and whispered, "I want you to fuck me."

Don't let it be said that I ever refused an invitation.

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Chapter Nine

Vern rang, very excited. Apparently, his gamble of starting up a bestiality website was going off the charts. The money was rolling in. The little show with Marie and Angela saw subscriptions explode.

"Please tell me you are available again Sunday," he was practically begging.

He didn't really have to, as Marie was now a fully committed dog slut. "Of course, Vern," she said. "I'm always happy to help out."

I laughed. 'Try to stop her,' I thought.

"Oh, yes," he added. "One of our viewers has offered another dog for show. I hope that is OK."

I saw Marie licking her lips. "Yes, mate," I said, "it's all good."

Things always got back to normal during the week. Marie paid special attention to my needs as a way of showing we were all ok. Of course, normal sex expanded to naked romps around the house, lots of oral stimulation, and wild humping. I did note that she particularly enjoyed being fucking dog style. Not surprising, really.

Sunday came, and we drove to Vern and Angela's place. As usual, we sat drinking coffee with all four of us getting more excited as 3 pm drew close. Vern went off to organize his camera, Angela took Marie off to get ready, and I settled in front of the TV, waiting for the show to commence. 3 pm and it was a camera, action. I was delighted to see both Marie and Angela naked. Goldie was first, and after a couple of friendly licks, he mounted Marie. Her moans signaled that he had found the target.

Again Marie was babbling. "Good dog. Yes, give it to me. I am your bitch..."

He tied with her and remained still as he emptied his seed into his willing bitch. For her part, she moaned and groaned with delight.

Having had his way with Marie, she laid down and grabbed his still extended cock. She began licking and sucking it. Angela let in Berny and got on her hands and knees near Marie. Berny mounted her, and once he was tied, she moved forward and buried her face into Marie's cum oozing pussy.

"Oh, Angela," Marie moaned.

I watched as Angela feasted on my wife's pussy. (Marie later told me it hadn't been planned). Moans filled the room as both women enjoyed the sensations. Berny did the deed and withdrew. Angela grabbed Berny's cock to suck it. She hesitated.

"Marie, did you like that?" she asked.

Marie had released her grip on Goldie. "Yes," Marie said.

"Ok," replied Angela. "Do the same to me, honey."

I was amazed that Marie didn't even hesitate.

As Angela deep throated Berny, Marie zeroed in on her pussy. My cock was so hard it was painful. I watched Marie got Angela off while getting herself off too. It was so crazy. Having composed herself, Angela stood up and retrieved Otto. The smile on Marie's face said it all.

"Hello, big boy," Marie said excitedly. "Come and show me how you love your bitch."

Otto never needed any encouragement. As soon as Marie dropped on hands and knees, Otto padded up to her and mounted her roughly.

"Oh, yes, darling. Your bitch is so ready for you," wailed Marie as the dog started frantically thrusting his growing cock into her. Moaning loudly, she encouraged him to take her. "Yes, my darling boy. Bury that lovely big cock inside me," she squealed.

He did just that and with vigor. Soon he was stationary, but Marie continued to rock back and forth and mumble obscenities. Otto serviced his bitch and, after several attempts, managed to withdraw. He stood still, perhaps expecting some oral attention. Angela put his lead on him and headed for the door. Marie turned confused and a little upset.

"Wait there, sweetheart. We have a little surprise for you today."

Marie remained on her hands and knees, staring at the door. She didn't have long to wait. Angela returned with another dog. I remembered Vern said he had a new one. I watched in awe as Angela led the beast into the room. The dog was as big as a pony.

"Meet, Archie," said Angela. "He is an Irish Wolfhound, and one of our subscribers bought him already trained, and he wants to see him in action."

Marie looked at him with lust in her eyes. If Vern and Angela were concerned, Marie would not like him. They needed to have worried. "My God," squealed Marie. "He is so big. Hello, boy. Would you like me to be your bitch?"

The dog seemed to understand what she was saying. He advanced on her and straight away began to lick her soaked pussy.

She moaned loudly, "Yes, that feels so nice big boy."

Vern zoomed in on his sheath, and already his cock was showing. Angela bent down. "Oh Marie, he so wants you," she purred.

Angela patted Marie's bum, and Archie got the message. Mounting Marie, she squealed, "Fuck, he is so heavy," but like a true trooper, she remained in position.

They had been told he was trained, and it proved correct as his cock found the target. Once he felt Marie's pussy encasing his cock he went wild. Each vigorous thrust caused his cock to grow larger and Marie to squeal louder.

"Oh fuck, he is so big," she screamed, but at the same time, she pushed back to meet his thrusts. "My God, he is stretching me," she wailed. "He is so fucking big. Yes, boy, give me all you got. Ooh shit."

His thrusts slowly, and Marie screamed. She told me later it felt like a basketball being shoved inside her. Finally, he stopped moving. He had his bitch tied and now to impregnate her. The low moans continued as her body strained to take both his weight and his length. I watched transfixed as that huge dog had his way with my wife. Marie was groaning now as Archie tried to extricate himself from her pussy.

"Oh, Archie, darling," she moaned as he tried three or four times.

Then she let out a howl as he pulled away. Marie collapsed on the floor, exhausted. Vern zoomed in on his cock, and I groaned. 'My God, how did she manage to take it,' I thought. The screen went blank, and that was the end of the show. Angela helped Marie up, and they headed for the shower.

Vern came into the room where I was. "Did you see that?" he said, jumping out of his skin. "My God, did you see the size of his cock. How the fuck did your wife take it all. Oh shit, I can't believe it."

I assured him I had seen it and was equally amazed.

It was nearly half an hour before Marie and Angela returned. Angela was all excited, and Marie was looking wrecked. "Come into the lounge," said Vern.

We sat down, and instead of coffee, he brought a bottle of wine. "Marie, honey, you are wonderful. Angela and I talked, and we want to offer you more money. We want to have people give us dogs to add to our broadcast. Are you OK with that?"

Marie smiled at me and then nodded.

"That is great, honey. It will be so good".

So good? Yes, it was.

Every Sunday, we go to Vern and Angela's place. The broadcasts are going. One week Vern got given three extra dogs, including Archie, and Marie took them one after another. Six dogs are her current record, and we are hoping for more. The money is rolling in, and we have moved to a larger house and bought a new car each. Marie still enjoys sex with me during the week, but on Sunday at 3 pm, she is a dog slut, and, yes, Angela and her do play with each other, but the dogs are the stars.

The End